Cour. Of *Laertes?*

Hora. His purſe is empty already, all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him ſir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did ſir; yet in faith if you did it would not much approve me: well ſir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſſe that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himſelfe.

Cour. I meane ſir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him by them in his meed hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Cour. The King ſir hath wager'd with him ſixe *Barbery* horſes, againſt the which he has impawn'd as I take it ſix *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as girdle, hanger, and ſo: three of the carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you muſt be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Cour. The carriages ſir are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our ſides, I would it might be hangers till then: but on, ſixe *Barbary* horſes againſt ſixe *French* ſwords, their aſſignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King ſir, hath laid ſir, that in a dozen paſſes betweene your ſelfe and him he ſhall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the oppoſition of your perſon in triall.

Ham. Sir I will walke here in the hall, if it pleaſe his Majeſtie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gaine nothing but my ſhame and the odde hits.

Cour.